

The Boston Osteopath.

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Osteopathy is Reasonable.

All work implies waste of body tissue. The work of the nervous system and that of the muscles, therefore, implies consumption either of their own substance or of some extraneous substance; and as the organism can create no substance itself, it must possess the means of obtaining from without that which it wants. The body feeds and it excretes. Let us consider briefly the mechanisms by which the processes of life are carried on.

The organs which convert food into nutriment are the organs of *alimentation*; those which distribute nutriment all over the body are organs of *circulation*; those which get rid of waste products are organs of *excretion*.

The lungs play a double part, being not merely eliminators of waste products, but importers into the economy of a substance which is not exactly food or drink, but something as important as either—oxygen. It is oxygen which is the great sweeper of the economy. Introduced by the blood with which it is absorbed into all corners of the organism, it seizes upon those organic molecules which are disposable, forming carbonic acid, water, and urea.

The oxidation, or, in other words, the *burning* of these matters, gives rise to an amount of heat which is as efficient as a fire to raise the blood to a temperature of about 100 degrees; and this hot fluid warms the body as a house is warmed by a hot-water apparatus.

These alimentary, distributive, excretory, and hot-water apparatuses would be worse than useless if they were not kept in strict proportion one to another. The physiological balance must be maintained. In other words, a combining or regulating organ must be added to the organs mentioned; and this is found in the *nervous system*.

The functions indicated constitute the greater part of what are called the vital actions of the human body, and so long as they are performed, the body is said to possess life. The cessation of these functions is what is ordinarily called death.

The spinal cord converts impressions into movements, and contains nerve centers, which absolutely control the nourishment of the entire body, defecation, micturition, parturition, etc. Through it must come the nerve impulses which pass to and from the brain. The secretion of the body fluids and the control of the organs are dependent for regulation upon the connection of the sympathetic nerves with the spinal cord.

Colds, catarrh, inflammation of the lungs, diarrhoea, and more serious affections are brought about through the nervous system. The impression made by the cold on the skin is conveyed to the nervous centers in the cord, and so influences the vasomotor nerves of the organ affected as to cause partial paralysis and to produce that undue distention of the vessels which so commonly ends in inflammation.

To the Osteopath the spinal cord is of vital interest. Acute diseases can be quickly controlled by reaching the appropriate nervous centers, and these centers are always found in the spinal cord. Chronic diseases are reached in like manner, though not always within the limited time granted by the patient. By removing the obstruction at the nervous centers involved, Nature, the great physician, will repair the damage and health will ensue.

Osteopathic philosophy is reasonable and appeals to the intelligent reader.

Osteopathic treatments are efficacious, quickly given, and pleasing to the patient.

Osteopathic results command the admiration of all.

C. E. A.



TO A SKELETON.

[The MS. of this poem, published early in the present century, is said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *London Morning Chronicle*. It excited so much attention that even a reward, of fifty guineas, was offered, for satisfactory information as to its origin; but the author still remains unknown.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious
seat.
What beauteous visions filled this
spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye:
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness
beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was
chained;

If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,—
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and
Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they
spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

ANONYMOUS.



The body is the medium through
which the thoughts, feelings, and
purposes of the soul are expressed.
Let us attend to it, and correct Os-
teopathically the mechanism, so that
the body will be what its Maker in-
tended.



To love and to serve are the no-
blest traits in the ideal character;
and to develop such a character, the
beauty of helpfulness should be in-
fused into the daily conduct of life.



The first great step in Osteopathy
is anatomy.



The Osteopath holds within his
grasp blessings and opportunities be-
yond the power of words to measure.

Osteopathy the Expected Friend.

CARY L. NELSON. (ALBIA, IA.)

There has never been a time when medication was not admitted by its leading practitioners to be but an unsatisfactory experimenting with drugs. In modern times, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes not only expressed the popular idea among educated men, but also the consensus of opinion in the profession as well, when he said that the world would be better off if all the drugs were cast into the sea, though this would be pretty hard on the fishes. True, the great Hahnemann had come and half-relieved the world; not solely through the practice of his professed followers, but more generally through his and their influence upon the unwilling "regulars." Still the tyranny of drugs was galling and unbearable.

Rebellions of the suffering people were constant, and they sought relief through every imaginable avenue of escape;—some through the prevention of disease by abstemious living; some through the crystal flood; some through the golden sunlight; some through the mire of the slough; some through the flames; some through the electric current; some through its modification in the hand of a strong man; some through a combination of several of these ways; some through the avenue of the human mind alone; some through the coöperation of unseen intelligence therewith; and some through a direct appeal to the Creator of all.

All these ways and many more having failed to lead many to freedom, it remained for a solitary follower of Æsculapius on a Western plain to be the pathfinder towards the land of Liberty. Lashed into intense alertness by the loss of his own loved ones in the labyrinth of drugs, he returned to the starting-point of learning, to wit: "The proper study of mankind is man." We hear him saying:—

"What is this human body? It is the house we live in. True, but it is much more than a house. It is the machine we do everything with. It is wonderfully contrived to do all kinds of work. I can readily see what this lever is for and this rope and this plate. But this lever has been broken and mended. What a wonderful weld without much heat! This rope, too, has been parted and been spliced. How wonderfully well done! Who made these repairs? The doctor with his drugs certainly did not. Why, the machine repairs itself! And it reproduces itself! Wonderful! Wonderful beyond comprehension!"

"But it does not always repair itself when repairs are needed. Nature seems to have provided marvelous means for doing repairs, but does not always succeed in bringing them into use. Oh, if we could only lend her a helping hand when she cannot quite succeed alone! That is what we claim to do! How? What with? Poisons which corrode the machine? What is the stomach for? Is there no better way to help Nature than by pouring drugs into the stomach? That is the old question returning. What runs the machine? The brain by means of the nerves? Yes, I guess so. What does the brain work with in making repairs? The blood? Yes, the blood carries the material and carts away the waste."

"Ho! This old Indian had an atrophied muscle here. Why did Nature allow it to dwindle away? Something must have been wrong with the nerves and blood vessels. Why, these little arteries are now almost nothing! The nerves are ditto. Let us trace this nerve. Here the vertebra is turned, pinching the nerve. No wonder Nature could not make repairs when her working lines are obstructed! Why, I could easily have turned that bone back in place, if I had had hold of the old fellow. That *would* have been assisting Nature! She could not do the work because her channels were obstructed."

"Obstructions! Obstructions! Can't we hunt and find obstructions and remove some of them? I believe that 'Nature's God' has been thoughtful enough to place in man all the elements and principles that the word 'remedy' means. *Remove all obstructions and Nature will do the rest.*"

Thus Osteopathy was born. The world was waiting and watching for this, and will greet Osteopathy, where properly introduced, with the welcome due to the Expected Friend.



Osteopathy and Other OpAthies.

J. SULLIVAN HOWELL, M. D., D. O.
(CHICAGO.)

It has long been a popular belief that the conflict of theories and methods between the various medical schools is a source of animosity and strife among their members. The physicians who bring balm to suffering mortals are supposed to be in perpetual war paint. The notion has been kept alive by the funny men of the newspapers and by quacks who owe no fealty to school or system. The laity are so tickled by it, so deceived by its constant iteration, as to think that allopath and homœopath, hydropath and electropath, are all so many foes "in arms and eager for the fray."

It is true that in times gone by there was ground for this opinion in the dogmatism and exclusiveness of certain medical autocrats. But the teaching of these later days has a far more genial tendency. We have emerged into a kindly light, the light of modern science, that helps us to discern the good in all things. If we are loyal to our calling as physicians we may not either abuse or assail any theory or practice, school or individual, that is successful in the glorious work of vanquishing disease and prolonging human life. It is a cause above all others

in which the end justifies the means. It is a labor in which we sink personality in order to benefit humanity.

Such being a general view of the feeling that prevails, or should prevail, between the schools of healing and the practitioners who compose them, I feel warranted in saying that Osteopathy conforms to it with grateful alacrity. This youngest of the medical sisterhood bears no malice against her elders. Osteopathy is a reform rather than a rebellion, and the path of its advance was even mapped out for it by the brightest intellects of the older schools. It is simply the most progressive of the therapeutical systems in the sense that progress has been manifested by the others. Just note, if you please, the outlines of the great movement. What a stride there is from the old-time allopathy, with its leeches and lancets, drugging and drenching, down to its newest policy of only medicating gently with a view to assist nature. Again, what a long march there is from that to homœopathy, which has relegated drugs to a minimum of service, so small, as we are humorously told, as to be not for their remedial action, but to satisfy the patient that he is taking medicine. And finally, what could be more rational than the further step taken by Osteopathy in rejecting drugs altogether and joining hands with nature for the appliance of her own resources to the correction of her own machinery? To find fault with Osteopathy for proceeding thus far is like censuring a youth for becoming a soldier after you have given him from his childhood no toys but guns and drums. For Osteopathy to feel bumptious to its seniors would be equally absurd, since it owes them gratitude and reverence for the teachings that have led it onward to the goal of emancipation.

It would be an offense to the readers of these pages to repeat for them what Osteopathy claims to be or do, or the facts by which it has

proven its right to recognition. These things are published broadcast throughout the land, and our doors are opened wide to your most searching investigation. Many of the more active Osteopaths are, like the founder of the science, the venerable A. T. Still, and like myself, diplomates of the "regular" schools. We are not pariahs nor vagrants, but frontiersmen in the realm of medical science. And I feel like stating in conclusion that, so far from any antagonism, our relations with the disciples of Hahnemann should be especially frank and cordial. Homœopathy is not so old but it can recall the shy beginnings that were even more clouded than ours with mistrust and misrepresentation. Osteopathy is already old enough to point to a harvest of healing that no physician or friend of humanity can afford to do other than admire.

There is an additional bond of sympathy between us, but this you will allow me to state in the words of another who has recently touched on it:—"The homœopathic principle is applicable to Osteopathy, *similia similibus curantur*, not in the sense that drugs are used, or ought to be used, but in the sense that the only rational method of curing disease is that based upon this principle of nature. Why is Osteopathy making its present triumphs and promising that these shall be permanent? It is because we have here an exact science and a science founded upon nature. Nature has won her victories in other fields. What she has done in other fields she can accomplish in the field of medicine. When Nature triumphs, everything unnatural will be exorcised and the body will be found to be a perfect medicine chest, awaiting the hands of genius to turn the crank and let the 'soothing draughts of healing freely flow.'"

It is to Nature, then, the great and kindly mother, that we must all alike turn with affection and trust, being assured that she will not only

act for us in relieving bodily affliction, but guide us by her perfect harmonies into the tolerance and kindness that should mark our noble calling.—*Journal of Official Surgery*.



Napoleon's Opinion.

One fine night, on deck, amid a clatter of materialism, Bonaparte pointed to the stars and said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" He delighted in the conversation of men of science, particularly of Monge and Berthollet; but the men of letters he slighted; "they were manufacturers of phrases." Of medicine, too, he was fond of talking, and with those of its practitioners whom he most esteemed, — with Corvisart at Paris, and with Antonomarchi at St. Helena. "Believe me," he said to the last, "we had better leave off all these remedies: life is a fortress which neither you nor I know anything about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defence? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories. Corvisart candidly agreed with me, that all your filthy mixtures are good for nothing. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind."—*Essay on Napoleon*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Lines to an Osteopathic Student.

[Quoted from "One by One," written by Adelaide Anne Procter.]

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.



Insufficiency is often the result of impaired health.

An Enthusiastic Convert.

[The following letter is reprinted, to accompany the article to which it is introductory, which unfortunately was separated from it and left out last month, by an accident at the printer's.—ED.]

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,
JULY 27, 1898.

My dear Mrs. Achorn:

The accompanying thoughts are yours if you care for them. I have penned them as a thank-offering for my deliverance from the jaws of the horrible monster, and with the prayer that they may be of service in advancing the cause of the heaven-inspired science of Osteopathy.

Doubtless my allegory will appear greatly exaggerated, but to me it is very realistic.

On Monday, July 11th, about 9 A.M., I was in the Park taking my accustomed wheel-ride, (I do not exceed five miles,) accompanied, as I always am, by one of my wheeling teachers. I had been riding but a few minutes when the attack came as I have described. The doctor says he never knew a case like mine and that he cannot find another on record.

Well, I will not weary you any longer with my miseries. I trust my sufferings (and really they have been life-long on account of the weak nerves with which I was born) may be used as a means of blessing to others; then I shall feel I have lived for a purpose. Please do not laugh at my attempt to print. I do not believe in all my life I ever printed a word before.

I have been ridiculed freely and urged when at my weakest to take remedies; but my ministering angel, with healing in his wings, was ever at my side, inspiring me with courage, so I did not yield to taunts or entreaties. Now I want all my friends and relatives to know what Osteopathy unaided can do.

Cordially yours,
MARY ASHMEAD SIMONS.

FROM AGONY TO RELIEF, AND THEN TO VICTORY.

It came with the speed and the suddenness of a bullet. Right into my spine it crashed, close to my heart. It took my breath, and I could only gasp and sob in wondering agony, upheld by friendly arms. I could not move, but stood in my outing dress in our beautiful Park, in mortal agony, drenched with the cold sweat which came from every pore.

After a time, I do not know how long, the ambulance came, and I was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where one of the faithful, efficient corps of doctors and a sweet Red Cross nurse ministered to me.

For three hours they worked over me, and they *did* help me, but oh! how I longed for the magical fingers of my own Dr. Burrows, *to do much more*, but it could not be. The code would not permit, and I must just comfort myself by remembering that in a few hours I should feel their magic touch.

As soon as I was able to bear moving, they dressed me and sent for a carriage; and accompanied by the most kind and courteous doctor I travelled the jolting road of torture to my home. I bore it patiently, for every pang was so much the nearer to the Magical Fingers.

My old nurse told me afterward, in her own quaint way, that when she saw me enter with my arm looped in that of the strange doctor, and he supporting me, I could not have looked worse if I had been sitting up in my own coffin.

At once a messenger was sent for the Magical Fingers and then "I waited patiently," and soon they came and took away the sharpness of the suffering. But oh! the weary days and gloomy nights of weakness and misery that had to be overcome! for my enemy was a deadly one and seldom failed to slay. His barb had been poisoned, and the deadly virus spread with sickening effect from

one delicate organ to another till every one had felt it. But as it coursed it did not gain; for the Magical Fingers followed, dispersing the poison and healing the stricken members.

Finally, the very last drop of poison had been transformed by the Magical Fingers into the pure blood of life. Pain was gone, my heart quiet, and "the sleep of the blessed was mine;" and I could think of my deadly assailant without a shudder.

But I have not yet told you who he was. He was one I had reason to fear but I did not; for he had come close to me nine years ago, and so cruelly hurt me then that I thought he would be satisfied and spare me in the future. *Then* he came and dragged from my clasping arms one who for years had been my pride, my joy, my love; took my sunshine and left me alone in the cold gray twilight, so I thought his malignity toward me was ended and that henceforth his deadly shafts would be aimed elsewhere. So when the poisoned arrow pierced my quivering flesh that beautiful summer morn, not once did I think of him. Then imagine my horror when on the morning of the fourth day after the attack my faithful doctor told me that he who struck the deadly blow was the same one who took from me the light of my life. His name was Bright's, and the onslaught most acute. Well might one pale before this dread monster whose name was such a travesty. Black, black as the centre of Tophet should it be, for there it belongs. But for a moment only was I appalled. I knew the Magical Fingers would be an antidote for this venom; *and so they were.*

As the weary days and wearier nights were leaving me, I lay awake one beautiful morning, watching the rising sun come in my windows, and thought I had never seen it so golden and so blissful. Distant church bells were sounding the matin call to prayers, and my heart went up in

gratitude to the Father who had "given His angels charge concerning me." Then a passing shadow caught my eye. I looked and saw a great black bat-like figure with outstretched wings slowly, sullenly rising. It was the vanquished demon! Every movement and every fold of its encircling blackness spoke inglorious defeat. I heard a muffled sound, a word I thought, and listened most intently. Again it came, and in the sweet hush of the early morn I caught this one hate-breathing word,—"Baffled! Baffled!"

I closed my eyes and with clasped hands sent heavenward my hallelujahs. When I ventured to look again, I saw not far away a being of entrancing loveliness floating in the azure. He was robed in dazzling white and his wings were of silver sheen. He turned and looked upon me, and with a smile of seraphic triumph pointed to the vanishing vampire and then to a silken pennant he waved on high. It was of blue, true blue, and woven on it in diamond letters there shone one word. Rapidly my eye went from letter to letter; for my beautiful being was following the demon, and soon I should see him no more.

These were the jewelled letters:—
OSTEOPATHY!

M. A. S.



How do these (mountain guides), Xaver Imseng and Alois Kalbermatten, win my regard? It is not only their courage, skill, and devotion to duty, but their sympathy with my delights or difficulties—this is the great charm.—GEO. WHERRY's *Alpine Notes.*



"The administration of drugs to the cure of disease is, to a great degree, one of the most unscientific of all human vocations." — EDWARD HOOKER DEWEY, M. D.



The Medic strives to imitate nature, the Osteopath to assist her.

The Lateral Arch of the Foot.

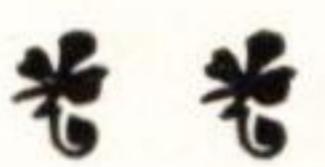
CLIFFORD E. HENRY, M. D., D. O.

The arches of the foot are one of the many beautiful and wonderful exemplifications of the fact that within man all forms of architecture are to be found.

The arch formed from the os calcis to the metatarsals with the astragalus as a key and the one from the cuboid to the internal cuneiform with the middle cuneiform as a key are very familiar to the student of anatomy. But not so the lateral arch, as I shall term it, extending from the os calcis to the outer metatarsal with the cuboid as the key.

The uses of the arches are to give elasticity and strength to the tread and to protect the plantar vessels and nerves; and they also add to the height. Flat-footed people tire very quickly on walking or standing.

The lateral arch acts as a support of the transverse and longitudinal. It passes off from them as a tangent from a circle, and acts as a buttress or a truss, though the formation of the other arches must be perfect for its formation; it acts as a tie between the other two, and consequently must be considered in any deformity of the foot.



Power of Laughter.

BY S. L. THOMPSON.

"Why should a man whose blood is
warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster;
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into
the jaundice
By being peevish?"

—Shakespeare.

Most of us have, without doubt, heard or read about "The Jolly Earthquake." It is one of the quaintest and prettiest of Japanese legends. It tells the story of a barren little island, whose inhabitants never knew the bright and sunshiny weather of the heart—cheerfulness. They were a grim and destitute people, until one day they were shaken up by a violent earthquake. During

the convulsion a gas was emitted which set every one laughing. Visages which had for years been stolid and hardened now broke up into smiles. Every man joked with his neighbor. Old feuds were forgotten and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Prosperity commenced from that hour. The island was rich and beautiful and fruitful, and the character of the people was wholly changed.

Even though this is nothing but a legend, yet it embodies a great principle. There is nothing like a sense of humor and cheerfulness to change gloom into brightness. Without it the sunshine of life is not felt, flowers bloom in vain, the marvels of heaven and earth are not seen or acknowledged, and creation is but a dreary, lifeless, soulless blank. "Laugh and grow fat" is a true old maxim, and "laugh" should often be prescribed by every doctor of Osteopathy. A good hearty, sincere laugh is as valuable to health as exercise. It expands the lungs and sends the blood coursing in the arteries freighted with the life-giving oxygen which is freely and generously distributed through the whole system. It relaxes the muscles and relieves nervous tension. It is a cosmetic which makes homeliness graceful and winning. Sir Walter Scott was a man full of life and vigor. "Give me an honest laugher," he would say; and he himself laughed the heart's laugh.

What it does for the body, it also does for the mind, which it fills with clearness and vigor. As a tonic, there is none superior. It is like a stream which flushes the intellect and cleanses it of morbid thoughts, unhealthy emotions, and disturbing fancies.

When Luther was once applied to for a remedy against melancholy, his advice was: "Gayety and courage are the best medicine for young men, and for old men, too, against sad thoughts." Anger and passion have a most distressing effect upon the

system; but an opportune laugh often dispels the same, and saves the waste and the wear and tear of rage.

The outward expression of any state reacts upon the mind to produce that effect, so laughter is not only the natural expression of good nature, but it actually engenders it. Those who would attain a sweet and equable disposition should practice laughing, as those who would attain a musical touch practice the finger exercises. When you see and meet a "jolly good fellow," and an honest laugher,—not one who laughs like a threshing machine or renders a "horse laugh,"—you see a face which enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity, joy, and gladness. But, on the other hand, when one who is devoid of these virtues presents himself, you see a pair of thin cheeks, a shriveled face, and a sour and saddened countenance. His whole character is as cold as an iceberg, as hard as an Alpine rock, and as arid as the wastes of Sahara.

Laughter has oftentimes proved itself a wonderful mediator. The influence of it at the critical instant often preserves a friendship and spares a quarrel. Misfortune, accident, and humiliation, touched with its lightsome wand, are at happy moments converted into sources of amusement and pleasure.

A year or so ago, an article describing a wonderful cure worked by laughter went the rounds of the daily papers. A woman who was nervous, despondent, and in ill health conceived the idea of employing laughter as a tonic. She set stated intervals for laughing and faithfully observed them. Suddenly and without warning, she would go off in such a gale of merriment as startled her friends. As those about her became accustomed to the idea, the humor of the situation grew, and the contagion spread. In course of time the practice achieved its end, and the woman was restored to health, physically as well as mental-

ly. It is not the contributor's idea that upon entering the sick room, the doctor should introduce his fingers on the patient's thorax and thus produce laughter. Far from it. But an Osteopath should always carry with him a pleasant smile and a merry heart. Solomon has said that "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." The beam in the eye shines upon coldness, and warms it. It also shines upon suffering and comforts it.

We need to make an art of this conviviality of laughter. Entertain well this nymph of goodness. Cultivate well this shining flower of the spirit. It is "the evergreen of life, that grows at the eastern gate of the soul's garden." It is the fountain of youth we have searched for in vain.—*The Northern Osteopath.*



He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep ;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



Washington, D. C.

Drs. Henry E. and Alice M. Patterson, for many years connected with the American School at Kirksville, are to establish themselves in Washington, D. C., the first of October. Wherever Osteopathy is known, the Drs. Patterson are recognized as brilliant operators. We are sorry to be unable to give their address this month as expected.



New York, N. Y.

Graduates of the American School of Osteopathy. Office hours: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 9:30 to 4.

Wednesday and Saturday, 9:30 to 12.

Horton Fay Underwood, D. O.
Evelyn K. Underwood, D. O.
107 East 23rd Street.

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How many persons have never required a physician?



Are the very old people of my acquaintance habitual partakers of drugs?



Have diseases decreased or multiplied during the last twenty years?



Do powerful drugs leave the body stronger and better?



The nineteenth century is the century of nervous diseases. Infinite pains have been taken to give correct names to the new symptoms continually appearing, and to classify the endless varieties of forms which are already known or named. Our medical brothers are looking at the external symptoms which afford no sufficient clew.



The action and function of each organ of the body is inspired through the nerves. We can never become aware of any digestive disorder, or of any disorder of the kidneys, bladder, heart, lungs, or stomach, before the normal activity and conducting power of the nerves belonging thereto are impaired.



When the system has sufficient vital power, it makes an effort to throw off foreign matter. When

this degree of vital power is wanting, chronic diseases appear, which never cease, but at most change their forms, and finally reach their highest development in nervous and mental diseases. Nervous diseases are simply chronic (latent) physical disorders, whatever the symptoms may be.



It is direction and not suppression which will develop the powers of the mind.



The question that is ever recurring,—What is the ideal—the normal man?



Digestion is favored by rest of the stomach before eating, by gentle exercise of the mind or body, by an undisturbed mental condition, and by a healthy condition of the body. Osteopathy smooths down the rough places and makes all things possible. By removing the irritation there will be no excuse for a disturbed mental condition. Body and mind are once more normal.



As a means of reaction from disease, Osteopathy will have an ever increasing value.



The glory, the pleasure, and the profit of life are when we know the grand science of Osteopathy.



After taking complicated prescriptions and costly drugs for years, don't expect one treatment of Osteopathy to cure.



There are some people in this world who are gloomy, morose, and pessimistic by nature—others because they are not well.



Study deeply and diligently anatomy, and you will learn to govern the pains that follow the violation of every law of life and health.

Always see that your last waking thoughts are pleasant ; that you shut your eyes at peace with the world ; this is a prescription for sound, refreshing slumber.



Every move made by an Osteopath in the treatment of a disease is for a distinct purpose. He understands anatomy, and naturally knows where an abnormal condition exists and how to remove it.



One of the noteworthy men of this generation has been styled a "steam engine in trousers," because the untiring energy of his mind had fitting instrument in a sound body, and he could therefore bring things to pass.



The nerve supply that presides over secretion is invigorated by Osteopathy to a healthy action, the attenuated blood current to yield more active elements for the nutrition of the tissue. The muscle nerves are stimulated and automatic reflex impulses are more quickly generated, rendering life more enjoyable.



Lectures.

The Principles of Osteopathy.

BY HORTON FAY UNDERWOOD, D. O.

The Boston Institute of Osteopathy has arranged for a series of lectures upon the principles of Osteopathy, to be given by Horton Fay Underwood, D. O., of New York City, a graduate of the American School of Kirksville. Two of the lectures will be upon general Osteopathic principles and reasoning ; and the remainder will enter upon the details more fully, showing causes by which the various organs can become affected, the Osteopathic reasoning which locates those causes, and the general difference between Medical and Osteopathic diagnosis.

These lectures will be supplemented by quizzes and clinical instruc-

tion, to make the work more effective. They will be given during the winter of 1898-99, to those classes prepared for the work.

Dr. A. T. Still, founder of the science of Osteopathy, and President of the American School of Osteopathy, in the *Journal of Osteopathy* for July, 1898, speaks of Dr. Underwood as follows :—

"In regard to Horton Fay Underwood of New York, . . . I desire to say this, that he was a faithful student while in attendance at the American School of Osteopathy, and that he graduated with high honors. After receiving his diploma, Dr. Underwood worked in my service as an operator, with great skill and with credit to the Infirmary and to himself. I further, for the information of those who employ him, say that he is worthy of their confidence. He was second to no operator."

Reviews.

Two more Osteopathic publications have blown in upon us from the west, one, the *Rocky Mountain Osteopath*, published in Denver, in the interests of the Rocky Mountain Infirmary, located at 16th and Glenarm streets, and the other, the *California Osteopath*, decorated as to its front page with a cut of the Golden Gate and a seal perched thereon, and filled as to its 'innards' with splendid Osteopathic argument. Welcome, brother-pushers of the pen, to the battle field ! there is room and to spare for all.

We are more than pleased with the initial number of *The Wisconsin Osteopath*, published at Milwaukee, Wis., by the Institute of Osteopathy at that place.

The article on chorea is of especial interest. We welcome this new comer to the field and to our exchange list.



The physician who cannot cure a patient himself and who will not allow a trial of Osteopathy comes pretty close to that class of folk known as narrow-minded.

Nerve Collapse.

Nerve collapse has in one week destroyed the music-making genius of the greatest pianist in the world, Paderewski; the greatest manipulator of finances, Ernest Hooley; one of the most winsome and graceful of actress-dancers, Madeline Bouton.

The news that Paderewski had lost the use of two fingers of his magic right hand was a blow to the world of music. Paderewski, the esteemed of the greatest of musicians, the loved of women for his wondrous command of the divine art, Paderewski, the greatest of artists, might as well be dead, for his marvelous hand has lost its cunning. The nimble fingers that earned \$380,000 on his visit to America three years ago; the hand with an earning power of \$4,000 an hour, stilled as much, for all its harmony-producing skill, as though they were indeed dead! It was the greatest shock the music-loving world has received for a generation.

The overstrain of years upon the nerves of the two middle fingers had produced a sudden powerlessness, resembling paralysis, said the doctors, and they give no hope of recovery. Robbed of all its medical verbiage, their verdict is "A hopeless case of nerve exhaustion."

Ernest Hooley, the greatest promoter of large financial enterprises in the world, has partially lost his memory and utterly lost his power of concentration. There is the effect. The cause may be noted in his recipe for success given to the *Sunday Journal* six weeks ago.

"Work," said he, "constant, unremitting work—that is the secret of fortune-making and fortune-managing. I worked sixteen hours a day for ten years."

And now he can work no more. When a question is put to him he rests his forehead upon his hand and tries to think clearly, logically, consecutively, as he once did. It was necessary to discontinue the ex-

amination in which he has so shocked the English nobility.

The man who can think and think and think is great, was his motto. And he has lost the art he so treasured. "Work while other men sleep," he adjured beginners in the science of business; but the men who slept while he worked are well to-day, and he is a wreck.

"Exhaustion of the nerves, collapse, a total giving out," say the physicians again.

Sprightly, beautiful Madeline Bouton is the third victim. While dancing at a stage rehearsal in San Francisco, she slipped and fell, injuring her spine so severely that it was necessary to remove her to the MacNutt Hospital. It is believed that she will never be able to go upon the stage again.

Madeline Bouton was a favorite in New York for several seasons. In "Liberty Hall" and "A Gallant Surrender," hers was a brilliant rôle well played, and there was promise of great things in Madeline Bouton, said the critics.

Nerve tension, nerve concentration, nerve collapse. There is a curious monotony in the story.

Has the world lost Paderewski because the little thread-like, silver-colored guides were overworked? Has it lost Hooley's powers of directing capital into lucrative channels, enriching trade as the wastes of the West are enriched, for the same reason? And winsome Madeline Bouton? The doctors say it is true, and this time the doctors agree.

"Nineteenth - century suicide," they style it, and there are harsh words they do not hesitate to use, words like idiocy, and fool-hardiness, and lunacy.

Genius is a hard taskmaster. He uses the goad and the lash. But there are varying degrees of geniuses.

Men and women are seen by the hundreds every day who are on the high road to the bourne of nerve exhaustion, the polite preliminary of invalidism and death.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is a victim of the dread affliction. His pale face, his anaemic condition, his dim eyes, his halting gait, proclaim it.

And they are dying all about you, every day.

Freedom from care, exercise in plenty, a concentration that stops short of absorption, that is the task that the physicians have set to ward off nerve exhaustion, nerve collapse, nerves shattered.—*New York Journal*.

[We sincerely desire to have the overworking man or woman try Osteopathy before the breakdown comes, and not wait until it is too late. One who would increase his effectiveness should take regular Osteopathic treatment, and the "breakdown" would be indefinitely postponed. Of this we are convinced.]



(Portland Telegram, March 27, 1898.)

Osteopathy in Boston.

THE DRUGLESS SCIENCE DESCRIBED —MECHANICAL NOT MEDICINAL METHODS.

(Special Correspondence.)

Boston, March 25, 1898.—Boston is notoriously chary of endorsing any proposition which does not emanate from itself. The Hub of the Universe concedes extra-Bostonian wisdom with extreme reluctance; and when it does it is safe to say that the subject of the concession is meritorious beyond question.

The latest and most conspicuous subject of the hypercritical Bostonian approval—in fact, enthusiasm—is the comparatively new but phenomenally successful science of Osteopathy.

The achievement has been due wholly to the remarkable results obtained by Osteopathy. Unlike the Faith Cure, the Kneipp Cure, and the other non-medical remedies for the ills that flesh is heir to, Osteop-

athy is not popular because it is a fad, but a fad because it is popular, its popularity being due to its simplicity, its perfect reasonableness, and its remarkable success in curing bodily ailments, and its entire harmlessness. Unlike most other remedies wherein medicines are not administered, it makes no claim whatsoever to supernatural or psychic agencies. Briefly, it attacks disease from an unexpected quarter, a quarter so manifest that it is very strange its discovery and use have not been old stories.

Osteopathy,—which by the way, is not an entirely satisfactory term, because incomplete—seeks to remedy by restoring the circulation and the nerves to normal action by simple external manipulations. It is distinct from orthodox massage, Swedish movements, and similar practices, yet slightly analogous, inasmuch as it partakes of some characteristics of each, applied in new directions.

Perhaps the best illustration of this new and eminently meritorious system may be furnished by an allegory: Suppose that an engineer finds that his steam engine is not running exactly as it should, that the amount of power developed is not commensurate with the pressure in the boiler, the fuel in the furnace. It works laboriously, apparently clogs. Of course if he feeds his fires more generously and turns on forced draught, the engine is stimulated and works better, yet he must keep on putting in an unusual amount of fuel and must maintain and perhaps increase his draught. The engine keeps on running, but this sort of thing cannot continue for ever, and finally something snaps, there is a rupture or a general refusal to act. Now, after all, had the engineer, at the first sign of trouble, examined the intricate machinery in all its parts, he might have located the source of difficulty—possibly a heated bearing, a loose bolt, a leaking piston. Instead of brutally compelling the faithfully working furnaces, boiler, and other

parts to strain themselves, thereby irritating the disordered part more, he would have applied a little lubricant here, tightened a nut there, or performed some other slight operation, which would have corrected the trouble in its incipiency and at once have restored the whole engine to its normal condition.

Now with the human body it is precisely the same. The patient is out of sorts. His bodily functions are somewhere departing from the normal. Feet usually warm are cold, the head may ache, the stomach may be in rebellion. The victim of the disorder, adhering to orthodox custom, seeks the allopath or the homœopath, as the case may be, and is prescribed for. Relief is experienced—perhaps. But it is the same temporary, stimulating relief as the firing up and extra draught in the steam engine. It attains its end temporarily, but usually as an anaesthetic or a stimulant. It does not directly relieve the trouble. Here is where the Osteopath steps in. Like the sensible, logical engineer, who examines his engine in detail and places the natural remedy in the right spot, he diagnoses the case and removes the obstruction, adjusts the distortion or smooths out the roughness, as the necessity of the case requires. The engineer can do no harm by lubricating a bearing, even if it does not need it at once.

That Osteopathy is a grand success is evidenced by the high class of people who are now having recourse to it. It despairs the catch-penny device of "no cure, no pay," and frankly confesses when a case is presented which does not appear likely to yield to it—which, by the way, is rarely the case. Its clientele is composed, not of imaginative, impressionable, credulous people, but mainly of persons of culture and intelligence. If Christian Science and the like were qualified successes, Osteopathy succeeds without qualification. Its effects are produced not by medicinal but mechanical

treatment. The affected parts are manipulated, after a fashion determined by long experience, so that the rusty spots are burnished, the channels for the bodily fluids flushed out.

One great advantage of this new science is the fact that no possible harm can come from it, wherein it differs from the great majority of drugs, nor is it accompanied by the dangers which so often attend the use of the surgeon's knife or other instruments. No evil effects can come from its trial, while great benefits are almost sure to result.

Osteopathy has come to stay. It is not only daily gaining hundreds of patrons, but is gathering to it increasing numbers of intelligent men and women, who are studying its details, with a view of becoming practitioners and alleviating the sufferings of their fellows.

H.



Nutrition of Muscle.

BY R. D. NORTHRUP, D. O.,
LONG BEACH, CAL.

The vascular system is a channel of communication between the different organs and tissues of the human body; and the blood in its circulatory process is a medium of exchange.

The blood is three-fold in its function. First, carrying nutritive materials from the digestive organs; second, taking up of oxygen in the lungs to all tissues of the body; third, transporting to the excretory organs the waste matter which is given off.

In addition to these functions, it has the power to neutralize the acids which are produced by the cells during action, and so maintain the alkalinity essential to life of the cell; it supplies all parts with moisture; it distributes heat and so equalizes the temperature of the body; finally, it is the seat of important chemical changes in which the living cells which it contains play an active part.

It is not strange that such a fluid as this should exert a marked influence and nutritive effect upon the nerves and muscles.

There are changes taking place in the muscles even when it is in the so-called stage of rest, and to a much greater degree when the muscle is active.

Since the cell is what we depend upon for the condition and strength of the muscles, it certainly must be in receipt of materials which continually replenish the store of energy-holding compounds. Moreover, this setting free of energy is largely a process of oxidation; a free supply of oxygen is indispensable to action.

Of the services which the blood renders to the muscles there are two of superior importance, viz.: The bringing of nutriment and oxygen, and the carrying off of waste material and surplus energy.

The Osteopath with a definite knowledge of anatomy and with an educated touch is able to locate any impediment in the blood supply, either arterial or venous.

Does it not seem more rational to remove the cause of the stagnation by a simple and much quicker method than that usually employed by the "Man of Drugs?" We think so.

By loosening a fiber here, a fiber there, and by a careful manipulation of the structures above, below, and to each side, we increase the flow of blood to and from the muscles.

Since the muscles are irritable as well as the nerves, the lack of response must be attributed to the nerve ends. This loss of irritability to the muscles is primarily due to a disturbance of muscle respiration.

Of the many substances given to the muscles, the one most needed is oxygen. There is always a certain amount of oxygen stored within the muscle, but not enough to meet the demands of the oxidizable substances; hence we must look to some means whereby a sufficiency can be supplied.

As has already been stated, we

look to the vascular system, as our source of supply. The blood having gone through the process of oxidation, it is carried to the muscle tissues and deposits there the life-giving principles. Therefore, the nutrition of the muscles depends almost wholly upon the blood supply.

* * Cancer.

[We take the following clipping from the *Boston Courier* of July 31, 1898. The notable feature in this quotation is the statement that cancer is more prevalent among the laboring classes. This is significant from an Osteopathic standpoint. The cause of cancer is the injury or pressure on a nerve, induced by a strain or accident, which prevents the nerve from properly controlling the circulation of blood in that part of the body supplied or regulated by said nerve; and a cancerous condition results. By correcting and releasing the nerve involved, we reach the *cause* in a natural manner. When it is considered that a cancer is merely epithelial cells differing in no respect from those found elsewhere in the body, and distinguished only by peculiarity of location and grouping, we can readily understand that the cause is in the nervous system and can be reached through the nerves.

If Osteopathic treatment were resorted to, there would be but a small percentage of incurable cases.—ED.]

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, speaking of her work among the cancerous poor, mentioned particularly the love of home and the desire to keep their families together that she found among the poor women of the tenements. So greatly do they dread the breaking up of their pitifully poor homes that they would prefer to stay there, in many cases even when they would be infinitely more comfortable in a hospital. One poor old woman, she instanced, had a miserable little room, but she had worked for years to get and keep it and have all her poor belongings about her. Urged to go to the hospital, where she could be well cared for, she refused, and at last the reason came out. A brother, whom Mrs. Lathrop had often noticed about the tenement, had spinal disease, and was dependent for both care and

support on his sister. If she left the little home her husband would not accept the burden; so the woman, forgetting her own misery, clung to the home in order to keep the care of her brother. Other women, with little children or useless, drunken husbands, sacrifice themselves for the sake of those they love. Mrs. Lathrop declares cancer to be much more prevalent than even consumption, though it is more frequently concealed. Its ravages among the poor washerwomen and charwomen are horrifying. It is estimated, says Mrs. Lathrop, that while among 1,000 women in fortunate circumstances you will find eight cases of cancer, among the same number of poor women forced to live in unhygienic surroundings, and doing hard work, there will be found at least three hundred afflicted ones. In this connection, Mrs. Lathrop made an eloquent appeal for consecrated women to take up the work of caring for these incurable cases.



Nashua, N. H.

S. A. Ellis, D. O., Vice-president of the Boston Institute of Osteopathy, has re-opened the Nashua office, 44, 45, Odd Fellows Building, for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons.



Which is better, Osteopathy and a reason why, or a dose of medicine and a "tall bluff?"

LESLIE E. CHERRY, D. O., President.

WARREN B. DAVIS, D. O., Sec. and Treas.

ESSIE S. CHERRY, D. O., Vice-President.

No true Osteopath makes a movement that he cannot give a reason for.

The Milwaukee Institute of Osteopathy.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of Wisconsin. Member of Associated Colleges of Osteopathy.)

OFFICES: 5th Floor, Matthews Bld'g Cor. Grand Ave. and 3rd St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
BRANCH OFFICE: Waukesha, Wis., 410 Dunbar Ave.

Will open the first class for the instruction of students, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1898. Best of facilities offered for a thorough Osteopathic education.

No better equipped Osteopathic Institute in the United States. Osteopathic literature on application. Send for catalog and circulars. Send for sample of *The Wisconsin Osteopath*.

I. O. O. F.

No better place in Boston for seeing the grand parade of the I. O. O. F., September 21st, than the Huntington Avenue windows of the Boston Institute. Twenty thousand Odd Fellows in line made a fine display. Osteopathic students are nothing if not anatomical, and one of ours declares that in both their longitudinal and lateral view of the procession they noted with interest the many cranial and ensiform appendages, the transverse *tæniæ* on the dorsal surface of the marshals, and the bright-hued commissures from cornu to cornu of the traditional (and lively) goat; and adds that the superb weather greatly facilitated femoro-tibial action.



Bangor.

The office of the Boston Institute at Bangor will be closed for the present; as Dr. Irmine Z. Gunsaul is to return to the Boston office, where she is expected the first of October.

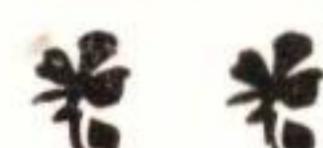
Dr. Gunsaul is an excellent operator and has established a good practice in Bangor; but the steady increase of business at the Boston office calls for her assistance at this end of the line.



No true Osteopath makes a movement that he cannot give a reason for.

School Notes.

The long-expected and highly instructive manikin 'arrove' in our midst Wednesday, September 14th. It is a magnificent specimen of the Parisian workman's art, and bids fair to be the center of attention and study for many months to come.

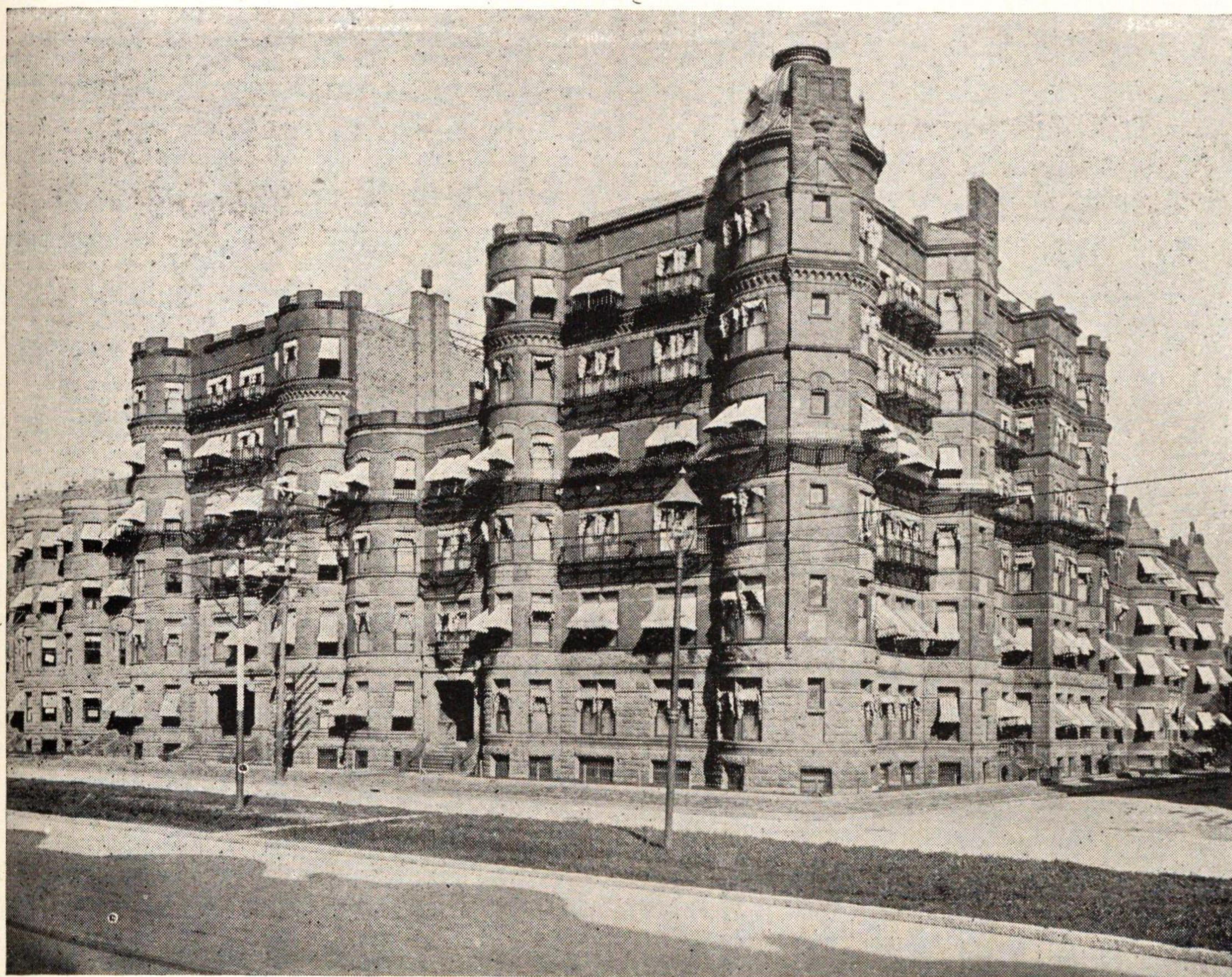


One can judge of the enthusiasm displayed by our students in their desperate pursuit of knowledge when he is told that nothing will disturb the smoothness of a recitation short

A splendid microscope has been added to the laboratory. The students are being deluged with appliances to help them along the rugged path.



The Second Class were agreeably surprised by a visit from Mrs. A. R. Aldrich, who kindly consented to address them on the subject she has made her life work, "Rhythm in Breathing." It does us all good to meet one who is so thoroughly in earnest.



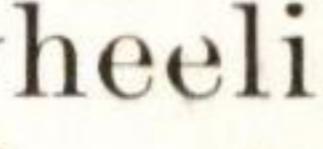
THE HOME OF THE BOSTON INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY.
176-178-180 HUNTINGTON AVENUE.

of a dog fight, or a fire on the next floor above.



Two fine models of the spinal cord and spinal nerves have been added to the already full collection in the school room. One of them is a model *in situ*, with the sympathetic nerves and the rami communicantes all outlined as plain as day. The students are now on the watch for nervous people, anxious to lay hands on them.

Rumors of an Osteopathic sleigh-ride are already in the air. We admit that it is forcing the season a bit, but then you can never tell what this climate is going to dish us up next.



One of our wheeling members has clipped from the *L. A. W. Bulletin* the following quaintly-clad advice:— "So live your To-days that the memories of your Yesterdays will be as pleasant as the hopes of your Tomorrows."

DR. A. T. NOE.

DR. AUDREY C. MOORE.

OSTEOPATHY IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ADAMS BUILDING,

No. 206 Kearny Street, Corner Sutter.

Rooms 407 to 424.

Telephone Davis 935.

Write for literature.

Diseases Treated.

Osteopathy depends upon the principles of Anatomy and Physiology for its results, the chemical forces of the body being utilized. It is a system of treating disease without drugs, by the correct adjustment of the bones and their attachments, thus releasing the pressure on the nerves and restoring normal functions to diseased parts or organs.

The following is a list of the so-called diseases that have been successfully treated by this method, and in many cases after many other methods have been tried and failed. We benefit at least ninety-five per cent. and cure seventy-five per cent. of all we take. Of course, some wait until they have lost reactive power;—such we do not want and frankly tell them so.

EYE AND EAR.

Granulated Lids, Weak Eyes, Astigmatism, Deafness.

HEART AND LUNGS.

Pneumonia, Incipient Consumption, Pleurisy, Irregularities of the Heart.

LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Jaundice, Torpid Liver, Gall Stones, Biliaryness.

BLADDER AND URETHRAL DISEASES.

Stricture, Enlarged Prostate, Cystitis, Incontinence of Urine.

ALL STOMACH AND INTESTINAL DISORDERS.

Catarrh of Stomach or Bowels, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Flux, Dysentery.

ALL DISLOCATIONS AND DEFORMITIES.

Hip and Joint Disease, Spinal Curvatures, Dislocations and Sprains, Stiff Joints, Atrophy.

NERVOUS DISEASES (so-called).

Neurasthenia, Headaches, Tic Douloureux, St. Vitus' Dance, Sciatica, Insanity, Paralysis Agitans, Locomotor Ataxia, all forms of Neuralgia and Paralysis, Hay Fever.

GENERAL DISEASES.

Rheumatism, Asthma, Catarrh, Goitre, Eczema, Bronchitis, Wry Neck, Enlarged Tonsils, Loss of Voice, Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis, Milk Leg, Varicose Veins, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Cold Extremities, Dropsy, Mal-nutrition, Lumbago.

FEMALE DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Irregular, Painful, Suppressed, or Excessive Menstruation, Leucorrhœa, Prolapsus, Barrenness.



Osteopathy heals the broken and diseased tissue, soothes the irritated surfaces, relieves and permanently cures the ills of the body.

THE SOUTHERN

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Franklin, Kentucky.

 Send for sample copy of *Journal*.